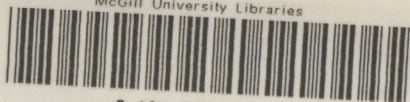


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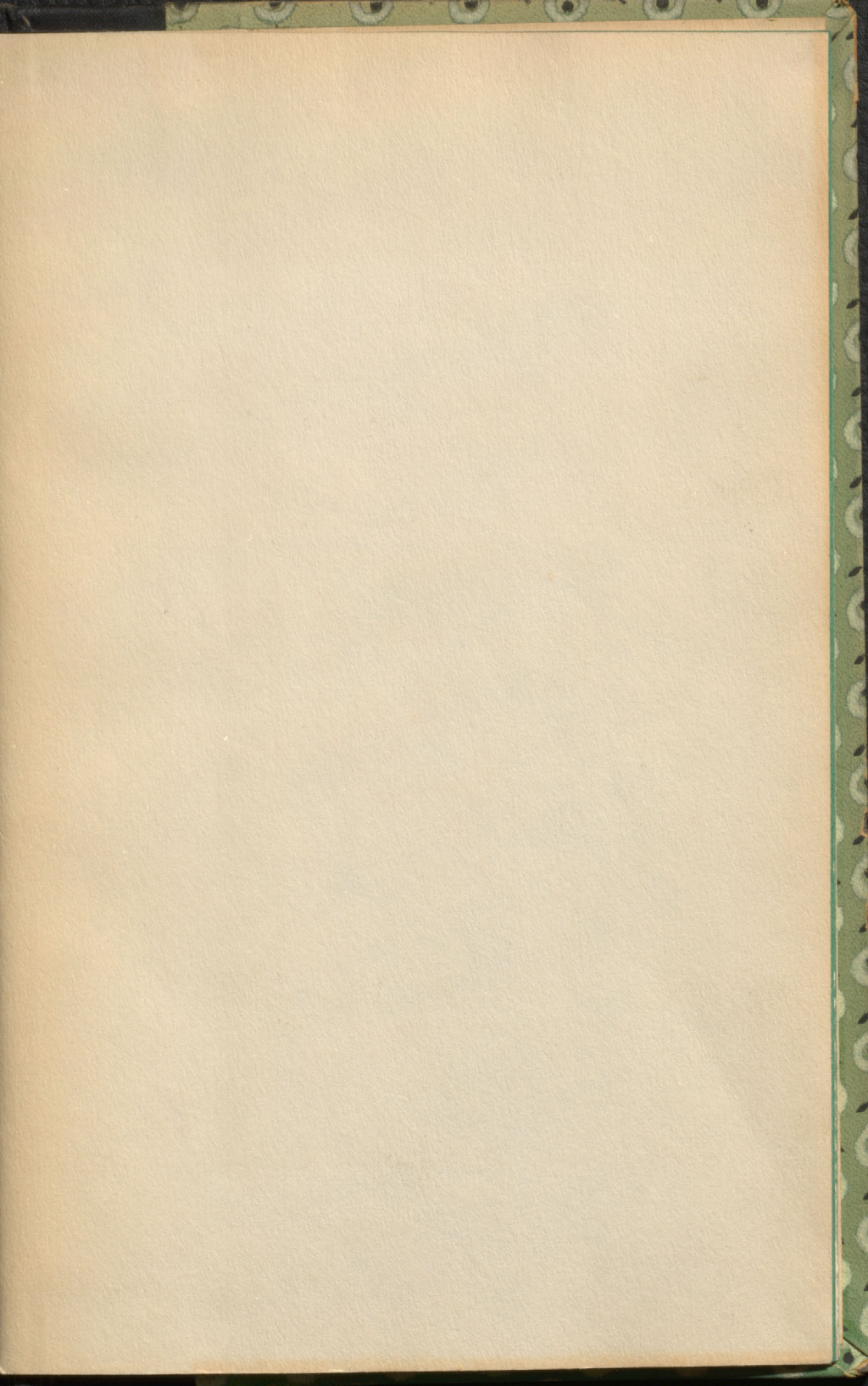
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EARTHBOUND

By

AUDREY SILCOX

BDB 4981



*This is Chap-Book Number Sixty-three*

OF THIS EDITION OF *EARTHBOUND  
AND OTHER POEMS*, BY AUDREY  
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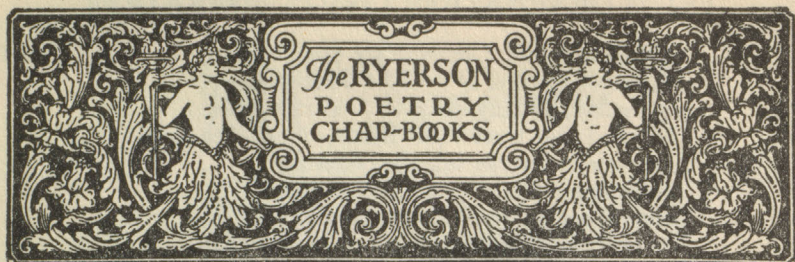
#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks are due the Editors of *The New York Times*, *The New York Sun*, *The Toronto Globe*, *The New Outlook*, for permission to reprint certain of the poems included in this chap-book.

PS8537 I34E3 McLennan  
Silcox, Audrey.  
Earthbound and other poems,  
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## Earthbound and Other Poems

*By Audrey Silcox*



### EARTHBOUND

**E**VEN in heaven  
This child of earth  
Will seek in dreams  
His place of birth,

And hungering,  
Will know again  
White lilacs drenched  
In an April rain.

A flying wedge  
In an autumn sky,  
And the scent of leaf-smoke  
Drifting by.

The sorcery  
Of a white thorn tree  
And a winding road  
That runs to the sea.

The eternal hope  
Of upturned clod,  
And a fresh wind blowing  
O'er the fields of God.

*Page One*



## FROM GENERATION UNTO GENERATION

A T close of day I smile to see them there  
Beside the fire, as twilight shadows creep,  
My mother, and my daughter, comrades rare,  
Their bed-time tryst with "Mother Goose" to keep.  
From tale to merrier tale the pages flit  
'Neath finger-tips so petal-like, so fair,  
Beside those patient hands to service knit.  
The quiet face, down-bent, so etched by care,  
Broods tenderly above that cheek serene,  
Dewy, unmarred, fresh from the kiss of God,  
The earnest eyes whose gaze so crystalline,  
But lately glimpsed the heaven towards which we plod.  
My own eyes dim with sudden, burning tears  
Of gratitude and fierce, protective zeal,  
In blinding knowledge of the ravished years,  
Prescient of all the hidden years conceal.

God, without Thee, upon what shifting sand  
Do I, the shaft of life where meet these twain,  
Midst ravening currents of the cruel years, stand  
And know my weak strength vain!



## TO MARY, IN LENT\*

O MARY, on that far-off temple day,  
When seven virgins cast their lots to choose,  
Whether of gold or scarlet, purple, blue  
They'd spin the threads for the new temple veil,  
And the true purple fell by lot to you;  
There in the courtyard, while the white doves drooped  
With drifting pinions through the tranquil air,  
Came there no troubling dream, no shadow chill,  
No piercing vision of a sundered veil,  
Of purple robe beneath a thorn-crowned head,  
Of bitter rood upon a far green hill?

\*From the Protevangelion.



## GRACE BEFORE WRITING

ON paper white as linen fair,  
In ink that might be wine,  
Bless now the words that are as bread  
To that far love of mine.

Let here be cheer for loneliness,  
And here be ease for pain,  
And touch my homely chronicle  
With laughter once again.

The simple tale of daily life,  
The round of custom's day,  
Fall like a saga of the soul  
On heart so far away.

Here are the humble elements  
To grace a distant shrine;  
The cloisters of the loving heart  
Lead close to the divine.



## DAY-DREAMER

HE waits through all the seasons, patient, mute,  
But not despairing, for that hour sublime  
When to his hand shall fall the magic fruit—  
The golden apple on the bough of Time;  
Swiftly his tongue shall taste it, and behold  
There rise before his eyes, grown desert-dim,  
Rich caravans of silver and of gold  
With all the treasure life has held from him;  
And on his ears the music of men's praise  
Shall fall and bring refreshing to his soul;  
His path shall lie amid the pleasant ways,  
His broken spirit shall again be whole.

Hard are the barren years, their burden great;  
Still for thy golden fruit, life, he doth wait.



## RESURGAM

PLEDGE me no paradise of burning gold,  
Tell me no tribal tales of gem on gem,  
Think not my questing spirit to enfold  
In robe of samite with bejewelled hem,  
Nor for this pilgrim spirit newly-born,  
Freed of its cumbering garb, fresh fetters weave  
Or broider trammels of a creed outworn.  
But lure me with the spell of April eve,  
At sunset hour, when all the world is still  
And for a lost enchantment seems to grieve  
As for the glory fading from each hill;  
Or call me with the ecstasy which breaks  
Full-throated through the hush of April dawns;  
Provoke me with the memory which awakes  
When wind-stirred lilacs blow on dew-drenched lawns;  
Entice me with the wistfulness which broods  
O'er half-awakened orchards, like a prayer;  
For that essential beauty which eludes,  
Makes for this seeking heart a certain snare.  
Give me sure hope of but one hawthorn lane,  
And I shall rise again!



## AUTUMN PROCESSIONAL

LIKE a bacchanal troupe, October led  
Her harlequin hours from rout to gayer rout,  
Leaving their tattered robes and banners spread  
On many a ravished hillside round about;  
Wilder and shriller grew the songs they sang,  
Until All Hallows' bells at midnight rang.

Changed in a twinkling is each reveller wild  
To humble penitent who kneels and prays,  
As gray November, like an abbess mild,  
Missal in hand, shepherds her nun-like days;  
Wistful and wraith-like, as they disappear,  
They light the vesper tapers of the year.



## PATTERANS\*

YOU went this way,  
My heart believes.  
In the dust of the cross-roads  
I found green leaves,

Hung on a thorny hedge,  
I found your staff;  
I snatched it up  
With a sob and a laugh.

Often I yearn  
For the warmth of your cloak,  
Reeking of many  
A peat-fire's smoke.

No books your scrip held—  
Your wisdom lay  
Spun o'er the skies by night,  
The green world by day.

Deeply we drank  
Of life's red cup;  
I hunger now  
For bite or sup.

Round my neck is the token  
You bade me keep:  
Each night I kiss it,  
Before I sleep.

Whither the road winds  
I know not at all,  
Nor care—my heart follows  
The sign of your call.

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\*A patteran is a sign to the initiate, usually an arrangement of grasses, leaves or twigs, left by gypsies for members of their band coming after.



## OLD HOME

THE door is wide for many a guest,  
The step is broad and low,  
And there is welcoming and rest  
For all who come and go.

The fireside speaks of sweet content,  
Of long dreams and old love,  
Of Yule-logs and of merriment  
With holly-wreaths above.

The rooms are mellow with a breath,  
A perfume of the past;  
They have known life and love and death,  
The first things and the last.

Its rooms are never empty quite,  
Nor silent utterly,  
The past comes back on footsteps light,  
And whispering memory;

For here has happiness been spent,  
And here have tears been shed;  
Here has been shared love's sacrament,  
Here mourned beloved dead.



## SONG

OUT of the sky, the storm,  
And out of the storm, the rain:  
And out of the joy and the thrill of life  
And out of its peace, comes pain!

Out of the dusk, the night,  
And out of the night, the dew:  
And out of the glare and the heat of life  
And out of its grief, come you!

Out of the sea, the dawn,  
And out of the dawn, the sun:  
And out of the depths of life comes love;  
And I love you, dear one!



## AVIATOR'S SONG

DOWN sink the clinging arms of earth;  
Insurgent from her bonds, I soar;  
Forgetful of my lowly birth,  
The fields of heaven I explore;  
And down far road-ways of the sky,  
I fly! I fly!

The babel of the world below  
And all its warring sounds I leave;  
The ether which the eagles know,  
The silence of the blue, I cleave,  
And 'scape the world of duller things,  
On wings! On wings!

But earth-bound still, I hear her voice,  
Infinite space my soul appals,  
Her sheltering hills my heart rejoice,  
Her fields, my homing heart recalls.  
I sink again, to earth's brown breast,  
To rest—to rest.



## MEMORIES

WHEN the day draws in and the wind awakes  
And the shadows begin to creep,  
When the spirit of things of a former time  
Moves over the heart's still deep,  
I pause at the place where I always pause  
When I walk where the memories keep—  
Once you lay close in my arms asleep,  
When the shadows began to creep.

When Life draws in and the dark comes close,  
And the silence is very near,  
I shall tell my heart as we stand and wait  
The approach of the final fear,  
How Love once lay in my arms asleep—  
Was it only in yesteryear?—  
Then I shall look up with a quiet soul,  
When the silence comes very near.



## LENT

A LITTLE plot  
Of time, hedged round  
With hours  
And days  
Wherein to raise  
Soul's flowers.

A quiet spot  
Of fallow ground  
To feed the roots;  
Early and late  
I cultivate  
The spirit's fruits.

A little pool  
Of peace, beset  
And rimmed with prayer;  
For aid I look,  
With Thy Book, \*  
My herbal fair!

\*This line should read, "Within Thy Book"



# The Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books

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1. THE LITTLE COMPET\*
12. SHEEPFOLD
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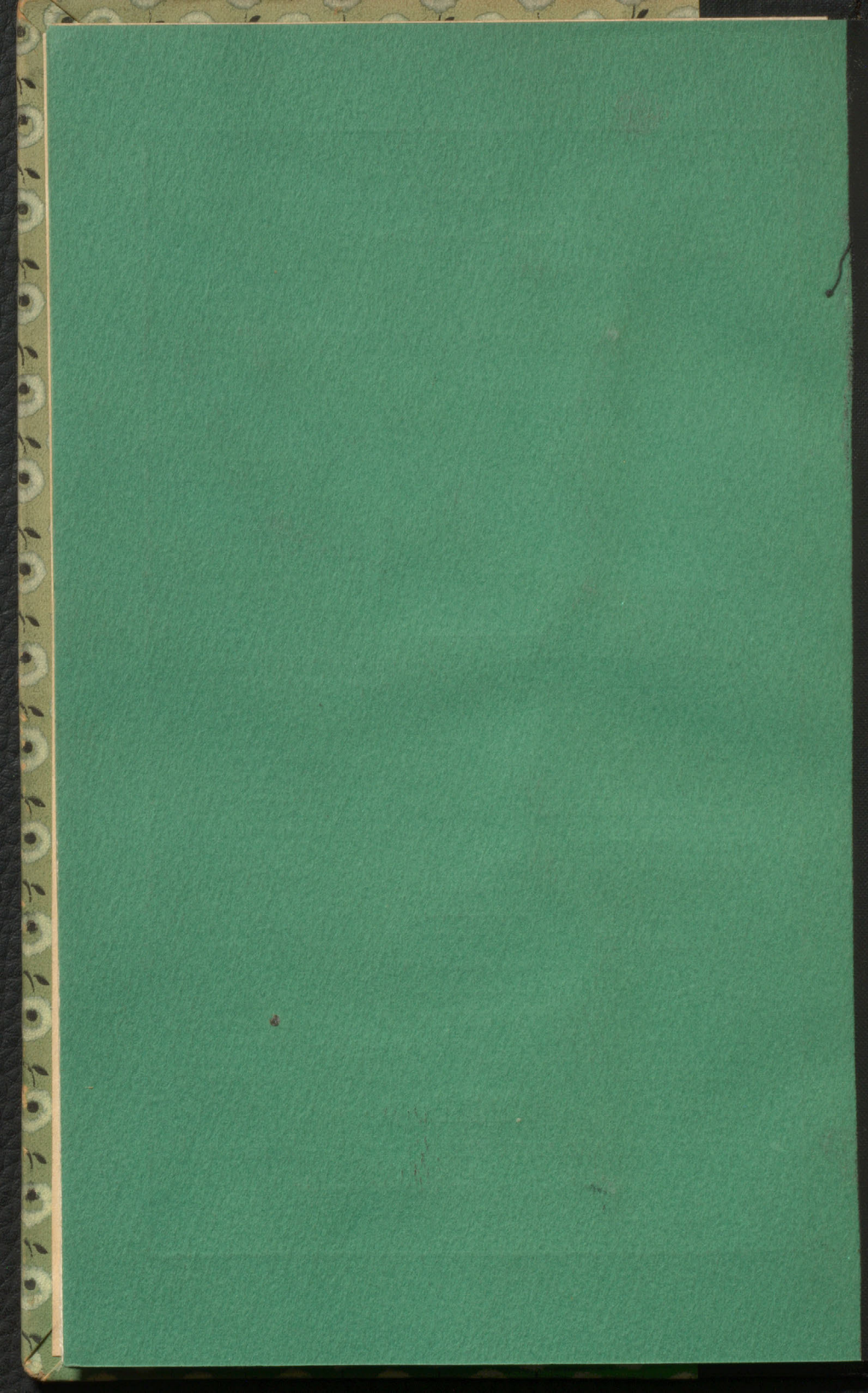
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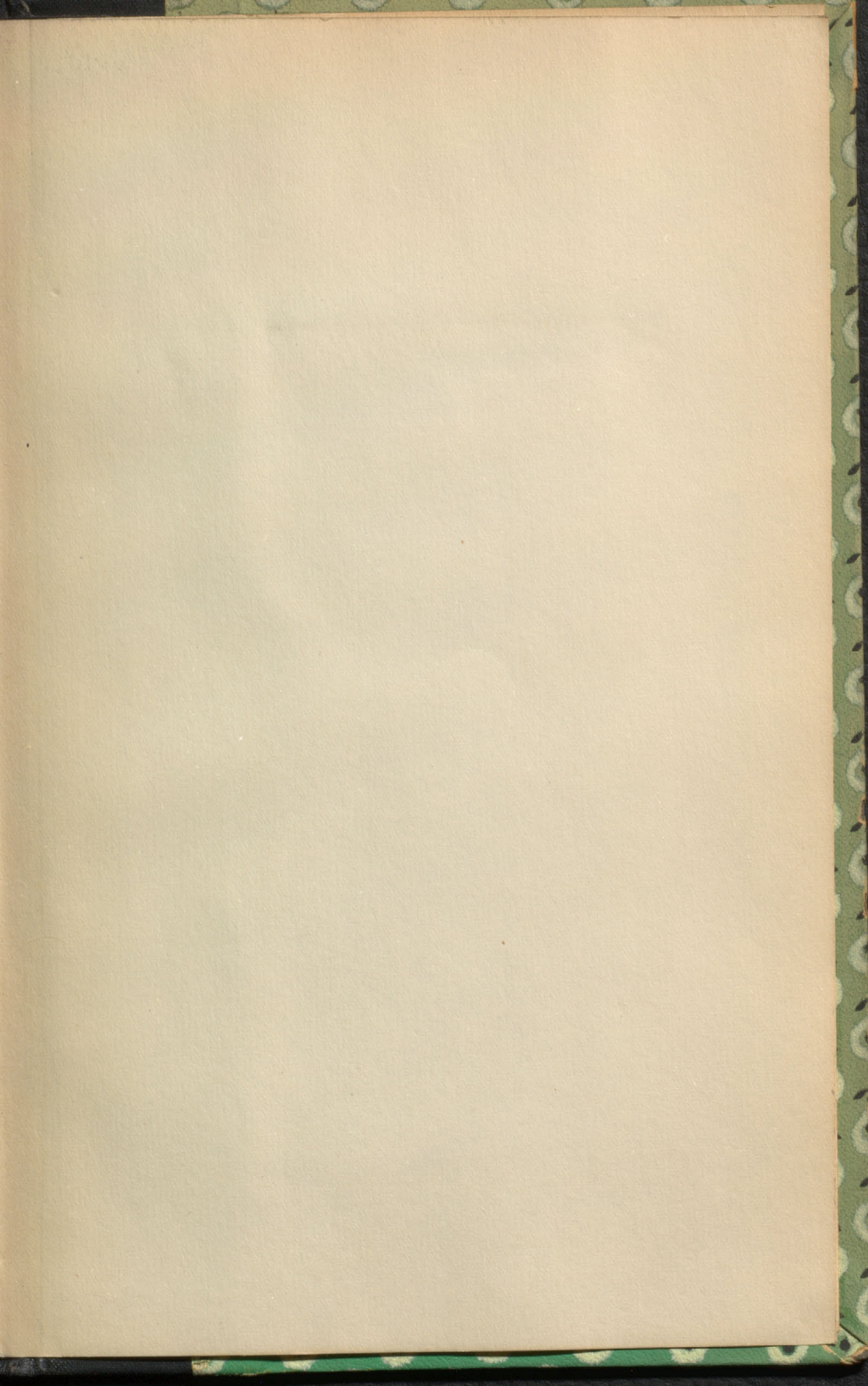
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*Author*..... Silcox, Audrey

*Title*..... Earthbound.



